



saints preserve us from

K. 35

die Schuldigkeit des ersten und vornehmsten Gebotes

#10

26 February 1972

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Mild-mannered change in house rules. The Gamesmaster will no longer undertake to make phone calls to elicit missed moves. Too much trouble to keep this system straight. Besides, if you miss, you miss, and why should I care?

Mild-mannered apology. I did evil things to the people who missed moves last time. I called them things they aren't. People who do that should either go straight to hell or apologize quickly. I have elected the latter, mostly for reasons of self-interest. Gentlemen: I am sorry I was hasty and took a rotten mood out on you.

Poetry contest. The votes are in and tabulated. As expected, many runoffs must be held. Follows a list of the contenders in each disputed category (categories not listed are already decided, and the winners will be listed in the next issue with the runoff victors). Total vote is not listed. All poems are listed in the order in which they appeared on the original ballot. This time, plurality wins, and the gamesmaster will vote if needed to break ties. Any recipient of the 'zine may vote in the runoff, whether or not you cast a preliminary ballot. In voting, use a blank sheet of paper and vote for one item per category by number. For your reference, contending poems are reprinted in this issue. Deadline for runoff ballots is March 18, 1972, Saturday.

Category C- Limerick

1. R.Walker, 'The suggestion?'
2. W.Linden, 'A postal Diplomacy Nero'

Category D- Clerihew

3. C.Buchanan, 'Said JB to a friend'
4. R.Walker, 'One interesting aspect'
5. E.Just, 'Eric Just'

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Category D- Parody

- 6. D.Barrows, 'Sing a song'
- 7. E.Just, 'If-some day'

Category E- Animal

- 8. E.Just, 'The Candle doth'
- 9. R.Walker, 'The sun on the couch'
- 10. H.Manogg, 'A tomcat'

Category I- General Poem

- 11. R.Walker, 'You get up'
- 12. J.McCallum, 'San Diego - '
- 13. C.vonKletske, 'Thank you for'

Category J- Haydn

- 14. R.Walker, 'When Franz Josef'
- 15. C.vonKletske, 'Johann Michael'

If three poems are in a runoff, it means a tie for either first or second place.

In Category F, there is not a formal winner. One poem garnered exactly 50% of the votes, and the other votes were quite evenly divided, to the extent that a runoff would involve the entire list of poems in the category. This is ridiculous. I am therefore not holding a runoff here.

Game 1971-BA - Fall 1903 Builds

TURKS WATER UP, AUSTRIANS SHAKE DOWN,
MYSTERY FROGS APPEAR ABRUPTLY.

It seems that France owns six centers - three home, Iberia, and Belgium. Thus France gains one unit.

France builds F Bro. Italy builds F Nap. Turkey builds F Smy and E Con. Austria removes A Boh and F Alb.

Positions after 1903:

- A (Manogg): a's bud, vie (2).
- E (Barrows): f's nth, zwg, co (3).
- F (Peery): a's-bel, nar, bur; f's glyo, spa sc, bre (6).
- G (Just): a's den, holl, mun, ber; f kie (5).

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I (walker): a's tyo, tri; f's nap, ion, wmed (5).
R (ward): a's smy, swo, gal, rum; f's sev, bal, bar (7).
T (Ver Ploeg): a's bul, oer; f's smy, con, bla, gre (6).

Spring 1904 Notes due Saturday, March 18, 1973. 12 noon.

Please notice the change of deadlines to Saturdays, thus allowing less time between deadline and mailing of issues. Also note the 12 noon Pacific time stipulation (Saturday's regular mail delivery is always received before noon).

Press releases, about which this game is all, follow the runoff poetry entries.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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Poems for Runoff: (listed by number as indexed on pp. 1-2 this ish)

1. Virgins are Made, Not Born

The suggestion? Well, Mary didn't forbid it.
The consequence? Well, for a while Mary hid it.
She feared she'd be defamed,
Until a friend exclaimed,
"Confess; Joseph won't believe an angel did it!"

3. A postal diplomacy Nero

When the Philistine mob
Have finished their job,
Then lire will fall straight to zero.

3. Said JB to his friend Boardman,

"Let's take a short logic course if we can."
 Their wise old professor yelled, "You're a reject!
 "I give you the facts, but you change the subject!"

A. Artistic

One interesting aspect of Roman culture was the preservation of great men in the cold storage of sculpture. Thus did the friends of Julius Caesar cut him up for the freezer.

5. Trusty

Eric Just
Man of trust
You can trust him (he weighs 350)
As far as you can throw him (very shifty).

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6. Moral Guardians of the District of Columbia

Sing a song of Mary Jane -
A pocket full of grass.
Four-and-twenty vice-squad cops
a-stoned out on their ass.
And when the Feds investigated
How they began to sing!
A rather merry scandal 'twas
For good Sir Wick, our King.

7. List

If some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list, I've got a little list
Of Diplomacy offenders who might well be underground
And who never will be missed, they never will be missed.
There's the pestilential nuisances who write three times a day
And can't remember, ever, what they said in their last say,
And the lady from the provinces who writes just like a kid
And who can't remember day to day whatever she has did.
And all those Germans who on moving Ber. to Den. insist;
They never will be missed, they never will be missed.

There's the 'ally' whose Diplomacy is only one small tool:
A heav'ly mailed fist! I've got him on my list.
Another 'ally' mapping out my moves like I'm a fool,
And blames me when they missed; he never will be missed.
There's the friend that always mails his moves the day that they are due,
Then blames it on the mailman, the gamesmaster, and you.
And the helter-skelter ally who just stabs you for the fun
Of seeing how you crumble in a game that sure was won.
And the ally who, on losing men, loses all his interest;
He never will be missed; he never will be missed.

8. The Moth

The candle doth
Confuse the moth,
You'd think they'd learn;
Instead they burn.

9. The Editor's Complaint to His Cat

The sun on the couch is warm, and the bed is soft;
As is the rug, if you prefer not to be aloft.
There are lots of places on which you can sleep,
Or on which you may a waking feline vigil keep.
I do not understand why you should hold
So dear a place that is both hard and cold.
I realize that up here you are so statuesque -
But will you please get the hell off my desk?

10. Cats (to the tune of 'Maryland, my Maryland')

A tomat came to my front door,
Complaining that his balls were sore,
They were so full of tom cat juice,
Just jerking off was no more use.
"O lister can I fuck your cat;
Tell me where pretty pussy's at.
I'll grateful be forevermore,
And sweetly perfume your front door."

11. The Bed

You get up in the morning and you make your bed,
Before you are shaved or showered or fed.
You fluff up the pillow and straighten the sheet,
And really work hard to make it look neat.
You fluff and you pull, you tug and you fluff,
But whatever you do is never enough.
The sheet's still wrinkled, the blanket's uneven;
This would try the patience of even St.-Stephen!
You smooth it out here, and tuck it in there,
Resisting temptation to strip the thing bare.
And after all that effort to dress it up, yet,
Tonight you'll go to sleep and mess it up, yet.

12. The Feud between the Limerick and the triuneDistich

San Diego: One John is surnamed 'The Planker,
The other's as rich as a banker;
This pair of B's
were busy as bees,
They raped the D.A. till they sank 'er.

New York: 'Then there's Rod who thinks he is God, Oh, what a clod!
But he's not so dreary as hearing Peery acheering Peery.

13. Conrad's Nervent Prayer to the Almighty God

Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that tweet,
Thank you for enormous feet,
You fuckhead.

14. Secretive

When Franz Josef Haydn
was visiting in Leyden,
He was asked, "You're writing a new symphony, we surmise?"
And he replied, "Yes, but it's a surprise."

15. Subordinate

Johann Michael Haydn
whom critics are always deridin',
Along with Boccherini, is not too well known any more;
Boccherini is the 'wife of Jos. Haydn,' and Michael is Boccherini's whore.

Replacement players seem to be acceptable; at least no chorus of opposition has been heard (and a few people said okay). So I will begin a search for standbys to handle obviously open positions. At this time only one such country is concerned.

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St. Petergrad (25 Dec. 1903): At their first public annual meeting today stockholders in TTF Publications voted to fire former editor and publisher William Lawrence, who successfully built TTF Publications into the world's largest Diplomacy empire. Despite management efforts to defend its record of accomplishments, shareholders supported a proxy fight led by a New York combine headed by the New York investor Wadi Bar-Shara to gain control of the firm. After several hours of voting it became apparent that Bar-Shara had bought control of the company from smallholders. It is rumored that Bar-Shara spent more than \$500 thousand to gain control of the firm. A new Board of Directors of TTF Publications was installed following voting. The new Board includes: Bar-Shara; Dick Collum Miller; and Dr. Ian Plankton of New York. Among decisions made at a first directors' meeting of the Board was the change of name of all publications to Wazir, Son of Wazir, Fakir, Son of Fakir, etc. They also voted to move headquarters from St. Petergrad to Welfare Island with sub-branches in Fire Island and Coney Island, New York. What the future plans of the Bar-Shara management team are, remains unclear at this time.

Jamul: Shortly after the coup at TTF Publications, a report from the publishing house of Grendel, Grendel, Grendel, de Grendelov and Phugue, Ltd., purveyors of a long line of inferior Hong Kong game magazines, indicated that the Bar-Shara combine had snared control of this firm too. However, the apparent mania for controlling everything carried Bar-Shara one step too far this time. The chaotic and unmanageable state of Grendel, etc., was so intense that the burden thereof has almost instantly caused the collapse of the whole Bar-Shara empire. A late bulletin from Rochester Island, New York, indicates that as the entire empire crumbled at his feet, Bar-Shara committed suicide by leaping from the top of his mirror.

Sacramento: In an impressive ceremony in the Capitol Rotunda, representatives of the Neo-Roman Empire and Duchy de Este presented their credentials and signed treaties of Alliance and Friendship with the State of California; special dispensation had been obtained to negate the Constitutional provision against a state signing treaties with a foreign power. Observers noted that, while this clarified the California scene, it made Europe hard to figure, as both the Neo-Roman Empire and the Duchy de Este are allied with Italy, which in turn supported Austria against the Duchy of Grand Sevastopol, allied with California by an earlier treaty.

Sevastopol: Colonel Popogoré welcomed the Neo-Roman Empire and the Duchy de Este into the fight against Jamulian rebels. "We hope the state of California will use its good offices to mediate our differences in the Balkans." The prospect was viewed as poor since California, Italy, Este, and Neo-Rome together cannot compete with the offer of Baghdad-by-the-Bay.

Moscow: If the Germans don't write the moving hand may; and having writ move on.....to Berlin, Kiel, Lanch, who knows??

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Campo: Unseasonably warm weather kept the Campo garrison sun-bathing in the town square. However, a small patrol did confirm the body count claimed by Col. McKinnon as 573. The breakdown was 218 sand fleas, 155 prairie dogs, and 100 rabid skunks. It is assumed that one or more of the skunks bit Col. McKinnon to produce his behavior after the attack.

Jamul: Secretary of Defense Mary N. Mack of the Jamulian Patriot Government of California and Clipperton Island, Inc., a wholly-owned subsidiary of Hughes Tool Co., today briefed newsmen on the current and future situation. "California is well on its way to control by patriot elements. In fact, I would venture to say that 95% of the population of the state is now securely ensconced in patriot-held territory, and the war should be over within two years. Let me illustrate with this map." Miss Mack produced a map. (Mrs. Mary Mack maps many multitudes of men marching merrily to Modesto?) "This is California. It is not a recent map, I regret to say, so certain details are in slight discord with known geographic fact - for one example, this spot here" - she used a pointer - "locates approximately San Bernardino, and it has been reliably established that there is in fact land north of here, in contrast to the map which shows only the burning flames of hell reaching the surface of the earth. Anyway, the red areas indicate control of land by Sacramento, and the blue areas indicate patriot control. This, of course, applies only to the land area. In water areas, blue indicates water, and red indicates where I spilled some ink this morning while drawing in the flames of hell. Now if you will look carefully at the blue" - all reporters at this point raised their magnifying glasses - "you will see that 95% of the people of California live in these areas. This stupendous feat has been accomplished by our glorious General Latselboba either by relocating them in 'safe' blue hamlets and villages, or by the wholesale slaughter of people in red areas. Infrequently the former. Thus most of the red areas are uninhabited now, and I venture to say that it is only a matter of time before the other 5% of the population is liberated too, thus rendering the red areas unimportant.

"Of course this statistical breakdown includes only military and related personnel, and does not count farmers, peasants, negros, wet-backs, Indians, women and children, blue-collar workers, white-collar workers, welfare recipients, unemployed, transients, aliens, hippies, insurance agents, civil service employees, and people."

Buckman Springs: The military headquarters here for the patriot siege of Campo is buzzing with vociferous activity this morning. The final push appears imminent. Guns are being mounted at the ends of eleven-foot-long poles (since the soldiers wouldn't go near Campo with a ten-foot pole), ammunition is being readied (and it is a long and arduous process to manufacture in advance 40,000 rounds of spit wad), and the feeling is one of anticipatory excitement. The attacking force has been bolstered by the arrival of Col. Clinton McKinnon from Coyote Wells, and a message of support has come to Gen. Latselboba from Bole-slay Codger, National Hero and Magistrate of Mysteria. The message was contained inside a notice to appear in court for an overdue parking ticket.

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Ponto, Italy (19 December 1903): The first break in Italian chaos has surfaced. Promising a return to stability and licentiousness, a rebel element here has overthrown the established disorder and installed Dmitri d'Ato as King. d'Ato immediately proclaimed himself Mitridate, Re di Ponto, and quickly formed an alliance with Idomenoe, Re di Creta, for the avowed purpose of "changing the name of this magazine from that of a bad opera to that of a good opera." These days any old reason is sufficient to establish a country in Italy; così fan tutte, as they say.

Shingle Springs: Northern California headquarters for the Army of Jamal reports from here that patriot elements have driven to within forty-five yards of the city limits of Sacramento. They were stopped here only because the closer they got to the city, the worse the roads got, and the final stalling of the drive came when Dame Princetonia herself walked onto the battlefield and raised her armpits. Gas masks will be issued. Meanwhile, Sacramento is now nearly surrounded and all inbound garbage trucks are being stopped to cut off the food supply.

San Francisco: The First Irregular Platoon today routed a small contingent of San Diegans who had perchanced to try for food and rest in Baghdad by the Bay. Naturally, the great city is immune from such incursions, because nowhere is tourism more evident. The San Diegans were readily apparent not only from their John Birch Society buttons, but also from their general slovenly level of drunkenness and inability to hold same. When confronted by the First Irregulars, a portion of the famous gay community in the City, they blanched, regurgitated, and expired, mumbling something about "queers" - a word that went out with "chick" and "nigger" everywhere but in San Diego and the rest of Southern California. Still ready to appear in defense of the city were the Haight-Street smack freaks and the Montgomery-Street \$& freaks, both of whom bother outsiders, for different reasons.

It was clear that the City itself was inviolable in terms of outsider attacks. ("It's like dropping a splash of purple into a chartrouse pool," said Joe 'Glad-Hand' Alioto, baring all 146 teeth in a snile.) (A snile is a sneer that relaxes a little.) The main questions seemed to be: (a) What would the City do in its defense when the tourist season comes around again and it's hard to tell the despicable Southern Californians from the rest of the underlife often in evidence; and (b) Would troops from the City ever consent to battle outside the county-line? Of course, the Napa Valley vineyards seemed likely to have some help in defense, but the oft-wavaged environs of Sacramento may not be worth saving. Sacramento could be transplanted in the middle of Los Angeles without anyone noticing. Nevertheless, the forces of good (read: Northern California) cannot long endure these slimy incursions from the South.

The Same Old Place: A Southern Californian was today shot from the Tudor Balustrade by Tony Serra, a mayoralty candidate on the illustrious and famed Platypus Party ticket. How could he have lost?

St. Helena, California: Because of threats emanating from the jungles of Prisco-by-the-Scum, Jamulian forces have found it necessary to reverse their traditional 'hands-off' policy vis-a-vis the entire wine country of California-(except the breads). The lame excuse

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given was that the wine grapes must be kept clean and free from the lice, bedbugs, and grass-hoppers (hey- wasn't grass-hopper in the movie 'Easy Rider'?) emanating from Upchuck-by-the-Bay. To this end Jamulian troops this week secured the wineries in St. Helena, Sebastopol, and Inglenook, and are fast advancing on the environs of Napa. The real reason for the sudden insurgency may be the especially huge crop this year - 120%, and you should see what they grew between the grape vines!

Jamul: The editor of a local scandal sheet today printed the formal rules for the California Civil War, to which all participatory parties must agree before being permitted entry into the war:

1. Each entrant may stake out one specified location as his home base. No conquest of that home base is permitted.
2. Principal leaders of any participant - e.g. Dame Garrigus, William Matselboba - may not be 'killed off.'
3. Los Angeles County may not enter the picture.
4. Violators of these rules will have their press releases scorned.

Kankakee, Illinois: The Cat Burglar strikes again! In a pre-dawn raid, the Kankakee Animal Shelter invaded the premises of world-famed pervert and book collector Feel-licks Egnog and confiscated 4,557 cats and kittens under the age of consent. Reporters were told that the Grand Jury felt the feline creatures were being subjected to 'a form of mental and psychological torture unheard of since Ancient-Rome, the First Bulgarian Empire, and James Bond.' Apparently the kitties were forced to read unacceptable literature-for hours on end, with no hope of ever participating in the activities described.

Vallejo (22 Dec. 1903): Troops of the Peculiar and Detestable Autocracy of Besharabia landed today at this city on San Pablo Bay. Resplendent in their mauve and puce uniforms, with little splashed of tangerine here and there, they began to advance into the interior of California. The Chief Autocrat of Besharabia, Chairman John-John VI, accompanied his forces, being borne on a sumptuous litter by four strapping slaves bearing the trade-mark of the Sultanate of Bari. "Forward, my black beautieth," called John-John, hiding coyly behind his fan and stroking his Persian cat, Fanny T. On through Cordelia, Fairfield, and Vacaville the procession wound, arousing only the idle curiosity of the inhabitants as to what they were doing outside of Hollywood.

Petaluma (22 Dec. 1903): Meanwhile, inhabitants of this town report that the First Corps d'Ballet of the Eurythmic Republic of Taranto passed through here two or three days ago on their way to Sacramento to serve in the forces of Dame Princetonia Garrigus against the Sinister Leonardian Conspiracy. When last seen, the Corps was doing a lively march as the Eurythmic Marching Orchestra, led by Carmen 'Dragon Lady' Jones, was playing various numbers by Hector Berlioz, Charles Gounod, and Eric Coates.

Sacramento (23 Dec. 1903): Dame Princetonia Garrigus and the entire California Government (except for Frank Jordan, who is always Secretary of State no matter who is in power) fled the state Capital today as

hundreds of puce-and-mauve-uniformed minions of Besharabia stormed into the city, amid the raucous tittering of Chairman John-John VI who had his litter taken directly to the nearest Catholic boys' school. At the height of the...um...festive activities, who should show up but the First Corps de Ballet? "Why, my word!" said Chairman John-John, "Look at all the male dancers!" The resulting excitement was extremely-prolonged, but not very confused, as things quickly got straightened out. As a result, there was much changing of sides. But it all worked out in the end, even though Chairman John-John was a pain in the ass (this last phrase was contributed by a highly-placed source from the Lidwest). Eventually they all joined hands in the service of Dame Princetonia and skipped gaily off, singing that famous old song, 'There once was a warden of Gothen....'

La Jolla (24 Dec. 1908): Her Grace, Lucretia, Duchess of Este, giggled and laughed today over the ludicrous Jamulian claims that she had been defeated merely because Neo-Roman troops had left the country. "We are still firmly in control here, and we expect to link up with the Neo-Romans in the south any time now."

Wisteria (25 Dec. 1908): Boleslav Codger wheezed out onto the main street, looking for overtime parkers. Sure enough, the entire street was lined with a bunch of chariots. "Ehu, fugaces," wheezed Codger, "It's them damned Neo-Romans back again for another-try." Slowly and methodically, Codger whipped out his ticket book and began to post each of the Roman vehicles....

Torrey Pines State Beach: As if in answer to her sniggering whine, Jamulian security forces swarmed from out the night and latched on to the corpulent immenseness of Lucretia the Ludicrous, well-known Neo-Roman draft dodger and, in her place of exile, camp-follower for Este. With the quivering mass of pulp in their nets, the Jamulians drove out to the end of the 3.1-mile-long Ocean Beach Pier and pushed the fat bitch off the end. "Now," they exclaimed as one, "she has left the country. Of course-of the old blob washes ashore-I suppose we'll have to revise that claim. But we sure hope she doesn't; we got enough trouble with oil and grease on the beaches as it is."

Jamul: Hasn't the bit about calling John Beshara a queer gotten a bit old by now? Certainly everyone else thinks it has....

old, hell; it's ripe....

Any suggestions for what to do to replace the poetry contest? Otherwise, what will we have left? Chess Muts is gone, the Calif. Civil War is getting dull, and no poetry. Quick, someone; an answer!

I will take the first volunteer to be a standby player in this game. Only current recipients may agree.